

The Law (with all his might, to enforce it on)  
Will giue him Cable.

*Othel.* Let him do his spight;  
My Seruices, which I haue done the Signorie  
Shall out-tongue his Complaints. 'Tis yet to know,  
Which when I know, that boasting is an Honour,  
I shall promulgate. I fetch my life and being,  
From Men of Royall Seige. And my demerites  
May speake (vnbonnetted) to as proud a Fortune  
As this that I haue reach'd. For know *Iago*,  
But that I loue the gentle *Desdemona*,  
I would not my vnhouse'd free condition  
Put into Circumscription, and Confine,  
For the Seas worth. But looke, what Lights come yond?

*Enter Cassio, with Torches.*

*Iago.* Those are the raifed Father, and his Friends:  
You were best go in.

*Othel.* Nor I: I must be found.  
My Parts, my Title, and my perfect Soule  
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

*Iago.* By *Ianus*, I thinke no.

*Othel.* The Seruants of the Dukes?  
And my Lieutenant?  
The goodnesse of the Night vpon you (Friends)  
What is the Newes?

*Cassio.* The Duke do's greet you (Generall)  
And he requires your haste, Post-haste appearance,  
Enen on the instant.

*Othello.* What is the matter, thinke you?

*Cassio.* Something from Cyprus, as I may diuine:  
It is a businesse of some heate. The Gallies  
Haue sent a dozen sequent Messengers  
This very night, at one anothers heeles:  
And many of the Consuls, rais'd and met,  
Are at the Dukes already. You haue bin hotly call'd for,  
When being not at your Lodging to be found,  
The Senate hath sent about three seuerall Quests,  
To searcho you out.

*Othel.* 'Tis well I am found by you:  
I will but spend a word here in the house,  
And goe with you.

*Cassio.* Aunciant, what makes he heere?  
*Iago.* Faith, he to night hath boarded a Land Carraet,  
If it proue lawfull prize, he's made for euer.

*Cassio.* I do not vnderstand.

*Iago.* He's married.

*Cassio.* To who?

*Iago.* Marry to — Come Captaine, will you go?

*Othel.* Haue with you.

*Cassio.* Here comes another Troope to seeke for you.

*Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, with Officers, and Torches.*

*Iago.* It is *Brabantio*: Generall be aduis'd,  
He comes to bad intent.

*Othello.* Holla, stand there.

*Rodo.* Signior, it is the Moore.

*Bra.* Downe with him, Theefe.

*Iago.* You, *Rodorigo*? Cme Sir, I am for you.

*Othel.* Keepe vp your bright Swords, for the dew will  
rust them. Good Signior, you shall more command with  
yeares, then with your Weapons.

*Bra.* Oh thou foule Theefe,

Where hast thou stow'd my Daughter?

Damnd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her

For Ile referre me to all things of sence,  
(If she in Chaines of Magick were not bound)  
Whether a Maid, so tender, Faire, and Happie,  
So opposite to Marriage, that she shun'd  
The wealthy curled Deareling of our Nation,  
Would euer haue (t'encurre a generall mocke)  
Run from her Guardage to the loote bosome,  
Of such a thing as thou: to feare, not to delight?  
Iudge me the world, if 'tis not grosse in sence,  
That thou hast practis'd on her with foule Charms,  
Abus'd her delicate Youth, with Drugs or Minerals,  
That weakens Motion. Ile haue't disputed on,  
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking;  
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,  
For an abuser of the World, a practiser  
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant;  
Lay hold vpon him, if he do resist  
Subdue him, at his perill.

*Othel.* Hold your hands

Both you of my inclining, and the rest.  
Were it my Cue to fight, I should haue knowne it  
Without a Prompter. Whether will you that I goe  
To answer this your charge?

*Bra.* To Prison, till fit time  
Of Law, and course of direct Session  
Call thee to answer.

*Othel.* What if do obey?

How may the Duke be therewith satisf'd,  
Whose Messengers are heere about my side,  
Vpon some present businesse of the State,  
To bring me to him.

*Officer.* 'Tis true most worthy Signior,  
The Dukes in Counsell, and your Noble selfe,  
I am sure is sent for.

*Bra.* How? The Duke in Counsell?  
In this time of the night? Bring him away;  
Mine's not an idle Cause. The Duke himselfe,  
Or any of my Brothers of the State,  
Cannot but seele this wrong, as 'twere their owne:  
For if such Actions may haue passage free,  
Bond-slaves, and Pagans shall our Statesmen be. *Exeunt*

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter Duke, Senators, and Officers.*

*Duke.* There's no composition in this Newes,  
That giues them Credite.

1. *Sen.* Indeed, they are disproportioned;  
My Letters say, a Hundred and seuen Gallies.

*Duke.* And mine a Hundred fortie.

2. *Sena.* And mine two Hundred:

But though they iumpe not on a iust accompt,  
(As in these Cases where the ayme reports,  
'Tis oft with difference) yet do they all confirme  
A Turkish Fleet, and bearing vp to Cyprus.

*Duke.* Nay, it is possible enough to iudgement:  
I do not so secure me in the Error,  
But the maine Article I do approue  
In fearefull sence.

*Saylor within.* What ho, what ho, what ho.  
*Enter Saylor.*

*Officer. A*

*Officer.* A Messenger from the Gallies.

*Duke.* Now? What's the businesse?

*Saylor.* The Turkish Preparation makes for Rhodes,  
So was I bid report here to the State,  
By Signior *Angelo*.

*Duke.* How say you by this change?

1. *Sen.* This cannot be

By no assay of reason. 'Tis a Pageant  
To keepe vs in false gaze, when we consider  
The importance of Cyprus to the Turke;  
And let our selues againe but vnderstand,  
That as it more concerns the Turke then Rhodes,  
So may he with more facile question beare it,  
For that it stands not in such Warrelike brace,  
But altogether lacks the abilities  
That Rhodes is dress'd in. If we make thought of this,  
We must not thinke the Turke is so vnskillfull,  
To leaue that latest, which concerns him first,  
Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gaine  
To wake, and wage a danger profitlesse.

*Duke.* Nay, in all confidence he's not for Rhodes.

*Officer.* Here is more Newes.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Messen.* The *Ottomites*, Reuerend, and Gracious,  
Steering with due course toward the Ile of Rhodes,  
Haue there inioynted them with an after Fleet.

1. *Sen.* I, so I thought: how many, as you guesse?

*Mess.* Of thirtie Saile: and now they do re-stem  
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance  
Their purposes toward Cyprus. Signior *Montano*,  
Your trustie and most Valiant Seruitour,  
With his free dutie, recommends you thus,  
And prayses you to beleeue him.

*Duke.* 'Tis certaine then for Cyprus:

*Marcus Luccicos* is not he in Towne?

1. *Sen.* He's now in Florence.

*Duke.* Write from vs,

To him, Post, Post-haste, dispatch.

1. *Sen.* Here comes *Brabantio*, and the Valiant Moore.

*Enter Brabantio, Othello, Cassio, Iago, Rodorigo,  
and Officers.*

*Duke.* Valiant *Othello*, we must straight employ you,  
Against the generall Enemy *Ottoman*.

I did not see you: welcome gentle Signior,  
We lacke your Counsaile, and your helpe to night.

*Bra.* So did I yours: Good your Grace pardon me.

Neither my place, nor ought I heard of businesse  
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the generall care  
Take hold on me. For my perticular griefe  
Is of so flood-gate, and ore-bearing Nature,  
That it englutns, and swallows other sorrowes,  
And it is still it selfe.

*Duke.* Why? What's the matter?

*Bra.* My Daughter: oh my Daughter!

*Sen.* Dead?

*Bra.* I, to me.

She is abus'd, stolne from me, and corrupted  
By Spels, and Medicines, bought of Mountebanks;  
For Nature, so preposterously to erre,  
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sence),  
Sans witch-craft could not.

*Duke.* Who ere he be, chat in this foule proceeding  
Hath thus beguil'd your Daughter of her selfe,

And you of her; the blame  
You shall your selfe re-  
After your owne sence  
Stood in your Action.

*Bra.* Humbly I thanke  
Here is the man; this Moore  
Your speciall Mandate  
Hath hither brought.

*All.* We are verie

*Duke.* What in you

*Bra.* Nothing, but

*Othel.* Most Potent,

My very Noble, and ap

That I haue tane away

It is most true: true I

The verie head, and fro

Hath this extent; no mo

And little blest'd with

For since these Armes o

Till now, some nine Mo

Their deereft action, in

And little of this great

More then pertaines to

And therefore little sha

In speaking for my selfe

I will a round vnvarni

Of my whole course of

What Drugges, what t

What Coniuration, and

(For such proceeding I

I won his Daughter.

*Bra.* A Maiden, new

Of Spirit so still, and qu

Bluth'd at her selfe, and

Of Yeares, of Country,

To fall in Loue, with w

It is a iudgement main'

That will confesse Per

Against all rules of Nat

To find out practises of

Why this should be. I

That with some Mixtur

Or with some Dram, (c

He wrought vp on her.

To vouch this, is no pr

Without more wider, a

Then these thin habits, d

Of moderne seeming, d

*Sen.* But *Othello*, spe

Did you, by indirect, a

Subdue, and poyson thi

Or came it by request,

As foule, to foule affor

*Othel.* I do beseech

Send for the Lady to th

And let her speake of m

If you do finde me foul

The Trust, the Office, I

Not onely take away, b

Euen fall vpon my life.

*Duke.* Fetch *Desdem*

*Othel.* Aunciant, con

You best know the plac

And tell she come, as tr

I do confesse the vices o

So iustly to your Graue